WASHINGTON SENTINEL
IS PUBLISHED DAILY BY
BEVERLEY TUCKER AND WM. M. OVERTON.
Ward's Building, near the Capitol,
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

TERMS.

Daily, per annum, in advance............$10 00
Tri-Weekly............................ 5 00
Weekly................................ 2 00

To Clubs or Individuals, subscribing for five or more copies—
Tri-Weekly, per annum, in advance........$3 00
Weekly " " 1 50

Postmasters are requested to act as agents.

WASHINGTON SENTINEL.

VOL. 1. DAILY. NO. 88.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1854.

WASHINGTON SENTINEL
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square (twelve lines) 1 insertion.......$0 50
" " " 2 " 75
" " " 3 " 1 00
" " " 1 week............ 2 00
" " " 1 month........... 5 00

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Washington Sentinel.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

Irenæus in Italy.

Somewhere in Switzerland I dropped the thread of this correspondence, and have no heart to pick it up. One was with me in all those travels, who now sleeps in his grave at Florence, and I cannot write a line of the tour we made together without such thoughts of him as at present disturb my sensibilities, and so weigh me down, that my descriptions must fail to do justice to the truth, and to the impressions made upon me by the glorious land of Tell. Rankin was with me in the charming valley of Interlacken, and sailed with me through Lake Thun. He was with me in a delightful visit to Berne, and again at the Giesbach Falls, one of the really beautiful cataracts of Switzerland. We crossed the Gemmi together in a storm of rain, hail and snow, when for a time we had reason to think that the hour of our last from all journeys had come. But we weathered it after a struggle for life, which seems to me far greater than that under which he afterwards fell. Then we made a visit to the monks of St. Bernard, and though it was early in September, we found six inches of snow there, and the noble dogs rolling in it, and the good monks as hospitable as we had heard they would be. One of them kissed me when I left them in the morning, and so long had it been since I had been kissed by any body, it was half a pleasure to have one from a monk. Then we crossed the Col de Balm together, and for the first time saw Mont Blanc, the monarch of the mountains—

"——— in a robe of clouds
With a diadem of snow."

Together we entered the vale of Chamouny and saw the sun set and the sun rise there, and repeated Coleridge's Hymn as we had often done before we reached the scene of its inspiration. I know nothing in the language more genial to the soul among the Alps than that hymn. It rang in my ears all the way through Switzerland. We were up and down the lake of Geneva, and the Calvin city, and then we crossed Mont Cenis, and saw Turin, and wandered in the valleys of the Waldenses, where we were received with a warmth of welcome that made us feel the power of christian love. From Turin we went to Genoa, and then to Milan and to lake Como—one of the fairest and fairyest lakes in the world—a "thing of beauty;" a joy to remember; and so is Venice, where we dreamed a few days in the gondolas, a city the streets of which are liquid, and where the sound of a wheel is never heard—a city of the sea—a dream glorious in its decay; for Venice is sinking, and will soon find a watery grave. From Venice we came to Florence, and there my younk friend and companion of travel, who had crossed the ocean and the continent, with me, found his grave, among strangers and, thank God, also among friends. All this travel, which will require a year of letters to describe, I have no heart to write. It is so blended, every step of it, with one who is with me no more, that I must leave it, and write it out hereafter for *that book*, which is to be made one of these days, to contain the chronicles of this notable year. From this time onward, I can do nothing more than to give you brief notes of travel from week to week, which we will fill out when we can sit down and talk over these things at our leisure.

"Hæc olim meminissi juvabit."

It was a sad morning when I left Florence.

"A load of emptiness was on my heart,
More heavy than the weight of actual woe;
Nature too seemed oppressed, as if a part
Of what my soul suffered she did know
And would a fellowship of sadness show."

The skies wept freely, and so did two strong men in that parting embrace, and he who remained, said "You have made us a precious visit—it has been hallowed by death, and now will be a memory forever." And then we were sundered, and I was once more alone. My faithful Italian servant, who really seemed to love me, began to tell me of Rome and Naples, and I was amused with his attempts to amuse me; the queer pleasures he described as in prospect, and which he was sure would drive away all melancholy and restore me to myself again.

Pisa is on the way from Florence to Leghorn, and a few hours there will furnish quite as much of interest as can be found in the same time and within so small a space in Europe. The "leaning tower" is reckoned among the wonders of the world and justly so. Standing as far from it as on the opposite side of the square, it excites in the beholder's mind the constant apprehension that it is going over, and as I walked up the circular stairway that leads to the summit, I was all the time hitting one side or the other of the staircase, so far does it hang out of the perpendicular. Galileo often climbed these stairs, and here performed his experiments to determine the fall of heavy bodies, and in the cathedral close at hand is still hanging the same old iron chandelier, which when swinging suggested to him the idea of the pendulum as a measure of time. A hundred windows of stained glass admit a dim light by which I could scarcely see the paintings that adorn this church in greater numbers than any other in Europe. Some of them are very fine, and more of them are not.

The Campo Santo is a mausoleum that can never be forgotten after once being seen. No burial place has so deeply affected me. The earth was brought from Jerusalem in fifty ships, but that is nothing. Artists of masterly skill have for five centuries been embellishing it with painting and sculpture, and the old sepulchres of Greece and Italy have been robbed to furnish statues, sarcophagi and monuments to adorn this sanctuary of the dead. It was a fitting place to muse in, to me a striking representation of all this land—a land of the past—a land of sepulchres—of beauty, but such beauty only as cannot die—its hills, and plains, and sea are here as they were when the men and the women were alive, for whom these marble coffins were wrought with such exquisite skill.

Leghorn is a seaport with no objects of special attraction to the traveller. Great quantities of marble are here shipped for England and America, and I was pleased to see the familiar names of New York and Boston on the ships in the harbor, and to hear the good old tongue of my native land, even in the coarse and sometimes rather hard dialect of the sailor. But there is no language, I believe, so complete for swearing in as the Italian. The ease and ingenuity are quite peculiar, with which a man manages to work in a string of oaths, of every degree in the scale of profanity, which would certainly confound a Yankee sailor competent even to box the compass with a quid of tobacco in his mouth. It was good news to me that a steamer was to start at 4 P. M. for Civita Vecchia.

In spite of the rain which was now pouring, and the prospect of a rough night, I put off in a row boat, and got on board the Anatole, a small screw steamer, not a regular passage boat, and found but one cabin passenger to share the steamer with me. It was a gloomy sight to look into that prison of a cabin, and then to look out on the Mediterranean heaving now in the storm. The sense of loneliness was very oppressive, and busy memory brought no relief. An hour or two out, and the vessel rolled so fearfully that I could find no place of security but my berth, and there I retreated for the night, trusting the boat to Providence and the seamen. Antonio came at my call, and sat down by my side, to give me the pleasure of his company, and deliver me from the trouble of thinking, by continuing his stories of low life in Italy. One of the most entertaining chapters in this series would be the report of his narratives that evening. I had heard of a Baron ———, who is now one of the richest men in this country, who was once a boot-black in the establishment of the Duke of ———; and finding that he was once a fellow servant of Antonio, I got his history, strange, romantic, diverting even; for in fact the man has fought his way up from servitude to royal honors, and more than once has represented his government at foreign courts, the equal and companion of the very men whose horses he once groomed. And when Antonio had thus whiled away the evening for me, he stretched himself upon the floor close by, and slept soundly, while I slept lightly and dreamed.

The morning came, and with it the sight of Civita Vecchia. The storm was past, the sun was out, a cool bracing morning, reviving to a worn man. An hour brought us to anchorage, but more than an hour was spent in getting the ordinary leave to come ashore. And when at last the passports had been examined, and the permission granted, a system of plunder commenced—the like of which I have fortunately not had since coming abroad. My own servant was not allowed to carry anything ashore; but a special porter for each man's effects, that more might be demanded in the way of fees. At the custom house at least three sets of men were to be paid, and at the Diligence office as many, and they came upon me for two pauls, (twenty cents) apiece, until I told Antonio to look about and if he could find any body else who wanted two pauls, to give it to him, but not to let any of them come near me. And to crown the whole, the American consul demanded and received two dollars for certifying to my passports, an infamous extortion which I record as the first instance in which I have had to pay an American official a cent since coming to the continent. But Civita Vecchia is a den of thieves. It is the site of the great prison house where the criminals of the Roman States are confined, and the people outside the walls appear to be contaminated by the association. Right glad was I to be started off toward noon in a postchaise for Rome. At a rattling pace we rode on through a deeply uninteresting country; no towns, no villas, no historical associations to enliven the journey. At each change of horses, which was every ten miles, the postillions called for a fee, and this we gave according to the freedom with which they had whipped the horses, and at eight in the evening we saw the dome of St. Peter's shining in the moonlight, and soon were standing in the gates of "the Eternal City."

IRENÆUS.

What Spain Is and What She Was.—A Madrid paper contains the following epitome of the history of Spain: The Spanish dominions once occupied one-eighth of the known world. Our country has been the greatest of the globe; and, in the days of its splendor, neither the gigantic empire of Alexander nor the vastness of the present Czar could be compared to it. The sun never set upon our country, which composed 80,000 square leagues and 60,000,000 inhabitants. Of so much richness and power, we have lost more than two-thirds in a couple of centuries. In 1565 we ceded Malta to the order of St. John; France afterwards took possession of it, and ultimately the English. In 1620 Louis XIII incorporated Lower Nevarre and Bearn with France. In 1629 our government recognised the conquest of Roussillon, made by the same monarch. In 1620 Portugal emancipated herself, with all her transatlantic possessions. In 1581 we began losing the Netherlands; in 1618 they made themselves independent. The English took from us in 1626 the islands of the Barbadoes; in 1656, Jamaica; 1704, Gibraltar; 1718, the Lucayas; 1769, Dominica; 1797, Trinidad. In 1636 the French made themselves masters of Dominico; in 1650, of Grenada; in 1665, of Guadalupe. In 1697 we shared St. Domingo with France; in 1821 we lost our half. In 1790 we abandoned Oran after the earthquake. In 1791 we ceded our rights over Oran and Mazalquiver to Morocco. In 1713 we ceded Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy; Padua, Placentia, Lucca, and other districts in the north of Italy, we ceded to princes of the reigning family. In 1759 we lost Naples of Sicily, in consequence of the Infanta Don Carlos selling them to occupy the Spanish throne. In 1800 we ceded Louisiana to France; and in 1819, Florida to the Americans; and lastly, the South American colonies emancipated themselves successively from 1816 to 1823.

Female Physicians.

The Boston *Journal* strongly advocates the introduction of females into the ranks of the medical profession. We consider the needle a much more appropriate weapon in the hands of a woman than the scalpel or bistoury.

[*Exchange.*

Do you? Just suppose yourself a forlorn sick bachelor, in the upper story of some noisy boarding-house, whose inmates don't care a pinch of snuff whether you conclude to die, or get well. Suppose you've watched that spider in the corner weave his web till you are quite qualified to make one yourself; suppose you have counted, for the thousandth time, all the shepherdesses, distorted little dogs, and crooked trees, on the papered wall of your room; gnawed your finger-nails to the very quick, and twitched your mustache till every hair stands upon its own individual responsibility. Then, suppose, just as you are at the last gasp, the door opens gently and admits (*not* a great creaking pair of boots containing an oracular, solemn M. D., grim enough to frighten you into the church-yard) but a smiling, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, nice little live *woman* doctress, yet?

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy mother! How your pulse races!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your "symptoms," (*a few of which* she sees without any of your help!) Then she writes a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep *very* composed and quiet, (just as if you could,) smoothes the tumbled quilt, arranges your pillow, shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'l "call again in the morning;" and so—the fold of her dress flutters through the door; and then you crawl out of the bed the best way you can—clutch a looking-glass to see what the probabilities are that you made a favorable impression! inwardly resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well as long as she will come to see you. Well, the upshot of it is, you have a delightful lingering attack of *heart* complaint!

For myself, I prefer prescriptions in a *masculine* hand! shan't submit my pulse to *anything that wears a bonnet!* Fanny Fern.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The Hog and its Product—The Hog Culture—Slaughtering, Packing, &c.

Drying Room.—All the hogs slaughtered during the day are successively borne, on the shoulders of these wet hog carriers, and hung up in a long room capable of holding from two to four thousand hogs, one man assists the carrier to hook up the hogs, suspending them side by side in rows, by iron hooks attached to each side of twelve inch beams. One person drenches the hog with water, a bucket full being thrown so as to wash out any blood left about the head, the tongue being always drawn to one side of the mouth to allow the water to drain off. The outside of the hog is also washed and scraped clean, the two sides being kept apart by wooden skivers. And here we will leave the drying room to notice what is done with what, by some may be considered unimportant, but which really is a valuable part of the hog. We mean the

Offal.—This was formerly refuse, or rejected as of no value or unfit for use. The hair and bristles are sold to dealers in those articles. The interesting description of the processes of preparing them for important uses, we will speak of hereafter. There is generally a contract with the slaughtering establishments for the hair and bristles, so much the hog, this year the rate being seven cents. The gutter having disembowelled the hogs, cuts off the pluck, liver, and heart, (which are the only parts of the hog thrown away, as they are generally carted off and buried) and passes them to the pluck fat boy, who rids it of the fat, throws the residue out, either to be carted off for manure or to be buried. The gutter throws the entrails on a long bench, where six or eight men are busy cleaning off and washing the gut fat. This fat in the slaughter houses is worth from thirty to forty cents per hog. This inside offal is purchased as soap stock, the large entrails being hauled off to steam rendering establishments, dumped into the yard, and in three or four weeks put into the steam tank, to make soap grease. The smaller ones are of more value, and are cleaned for sausage skins. It may be interesting for information to visit one of these

Steam Rendering Establishments.—Some seventeen years ago an attempt was made to make available the offal of the hog. At the establishment of Koeble & Miller, near the Crighton House, but one of several establishments in the city, we learned to what extent even the smallest and most inconsiderable portion of the hog was used. The rendering apartments are built on the banks of a ravine, which carries all the waste matter off to Mill creek. On the side of the building next to the ravine is a row of twelve large wooden tanks with tops, which are raised when required to admit the stock, of which black and white grease are made. Hogs that have been smothered to death, or such as were scalded by the recent explosion, worth twelve and a half cents a pound, are thrown into the tanks whole, and with the big entrails are boiled and steamed, the grease at proper times being scummed off, and the bones and refuse matter let down into the ravine, by touching a lever which opens a trap door; the bones are picked up, and afterwards sold for one dollar a dray load, to be made into ivory black.

This grease, purified by lye, becomes clear and white, and in another building is placed in linen cloths laying in a small frame 7 by 12 inches, the cloths folded over and the packages thus folded placed between boards, and put in some establishments under steam or hydrostatic pressure, and others in presses, arranged in great numbers up and down a long apartment, regulated by cogs, levers, and weights, by which a gradually increasing pressure causes the lard oil to exude, which runs down into vats in the lower story to be barreled, the residum in the cloths, being the article of commerce which is called stearine, of which star candles are made. Stearine is from a Greek word "Stear," tallow or suet. The various kinds of animal fat commonly consist of two substances, principally stearine, a solid; and olein, a liquid. The stearine by further process gives another article of commerce, known as red oil, which is used in making what is called olein soap. Cincinnati has a wide-spread reputation for her manufacture of star candles and superior soap. The amount of capital invested therein is immense.

In connexion with the same establishment in which the large entrails are used in the steam tanks, the gut, fat, and heads of the hogs are submitted in other tanks to the same steam process, and an excellent white grease or lard obtained, which is extensively used by the lard-oil manufacturers.

Some fifteen or twenty men are also engaged in another part of the building in cleansing and thoroughly washing the small guts, which are passed some three times through salt, and with much care packed in barrels and half barrels, and shipped to Europe and various parts of the world, where they are used for saussage skins. This has become a very valuble trade, the whole barrels at the factory being worth $70, and the half barrels $35.